

For the Dancing and the Dreaming
by peasantly-surprised

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Summary: Hiccup's first feast as the new Chief-and how he's dreading every second of it. Because he's scared out of his wits. It's not that he doesn't /want/ to be Chief...but can he really be as great of one as his father before him? *****SPOILER ALERT*****DO NOT READ IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HTTYD2 AND DON'T LIKE SPOILERS*****

For the Dancing and the Dreaming

A/N: I'M SORRY BUT THIS MOVIE JUST LEFT ME HIGH AND DRY IN AN OCEAN OF MY TEARS AND I NEEDED A FANFIC WITH STOIC AND VALKA'S SONG OKAY DON'T TOUCH ME.

***Edit: June 15th 2014~~

*****HUGE FREAKING SPOILER ALERT FOR HTTYD2 OKAY IF YOU DON'T LIKE SPOILERS DON'T READ PLEASE*****

* * *

><p>The island of Berk. In a word: icy.<p>

No, like, literally covered in ice. Not as badly covered as it was just a few weeks earlier; only several spikes still crusted over the rocks and jutted into the various huts mingling on the coast. But after the near-destruction of the craggy viking settlement by the infamous (and hopefully dead) Drago Bludvist, things were slowly patching themselves up.

Indeed, many things were still being patched up; some not as tangible as wood.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, the new chief of Berk, touched down onto the grass in front of his house, aboard none other than his dragon and best friend, Toothless. He dismounted easily, giving the

Night Fury a quick scratch under his chin. "Good job today, bud. We got finished earlier than I thought." The two had been overseeing the repairs needed to be made at the port; gathering supplies and adding a helping hand down at Gobber's forge.

Toothless made a humming sound in the back of his throat, sticking his tongue out as Hiccup scratched just the right spot. Really, being an alpha dragon got tiring, and he thought he deserved a good scratch around the scales now and then.

Chuckling, Hiccup led the way up the stairs to their home, Toothless plodding along beside him. Hiccup had only just put his hand on the large iron handle when the door flew open by itself, scaring him a bit. "Aaaah!-haa...oh. I-It's just you, Mom." He let out an embarrassed cough, brushing a hand through his hair.

Valka smiled at her son teasingly. "Oh, now wot's this? The chief gettin' scared outta his wits by his own mother? How intimidating."

"W-Who's scared?" Hiccup scoffed. "I wasn't scared. Psh. No way. I was just...testing out my vocal cords for tonight," he improvised. "Big bonfire feast and all, lots of music and singing, and as chief I have to be heard over it all. So, yeah, I'm warming up so I don't lose my voice. That'd be...bad." Behind his back, Toothless rolled his eyes and mocked Hiccup's babbling, causing Valka to chuckle.

"Okay, okay. Don't hurt yourself, boy." She pinched Hiccup's cheek playfully.

Complaining in good nature, Hiccup rubbed his cheek and walked past his mother into the hut. Toothless followed behind after giving Valka a quick "Hello" lick.

Hiccup gave his mother's dragon, Cloudjumper, a pat on the head; the dragon in turn bowed to Toothless, who drew himself up slightly. "You're letting that 'alpha' status go to your head, bud," Hiccup chuckled.

Toothless made a disgruntled face while Cloudjumper laughed to himself as he curled up on the mantle.

"Speaking of tonight, dear," Valka started out hesitantly; Hiccup sat at the table with a tired huff. "I know this is going to be a littleâ€hard on you since it's your first time acting as chief at a feast." Her expression turned little gloomy. "Your father can't have taught you very much about being the chief before he...died." That last part was harder to get out than either of them wished it to be; the mood dropped considerably from the homey cheerfulness of before. Hiccup lowered his head, staring sadly at the table.

Toothless rumbled. It was his fault that Stoick was deadâ€he'd delivered the blast that was meant for Hiccup when Stoick had stepped in. Being the heroic, protective father he always was, Stoick had pushed Hiccup out of the way and taken the blast for himself. Toothless was under the control of the former alpha at that time, so he'd had no control over his actions, and when he'd snapped out of it...Stoick was dead.

A calming hand settled itself on the alpha's head. Hiccup rubbed the dragon's head, giving him a tiny smile. "It's okay, Toothless. We don't blame you."

His words didn't completely erase the guilt the dragon felt, but it alleviated some of the melancholy mood hanging over them. Toothless purred deep in his throat, nuzzling into Hiccup's hand before curling up next to his dragon rider's chair. Hiccup turned back to his mother, who was watching them with a tender eye.

He coughed into his fist. "Yeah...Dad didn't really get the chance to tell me...much." Even though it was painful, Hiccup dredged up the memory of his father telling him that _heâ€_Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Thirdâ€_was going to be chief after Stoick retired. And after that, when Stoick started giving him the first bits of advice about being a chiefâ€_before Hiccup had interrupted him with news of Drago.

And less than 24 hours later, Stoick was dead.

A heavy weight had been lowered onto Hiccup's chest ever since. He was the chief, and everyone said he had the ability to lead, but he was still..._Hiccup_. Granted, he wasn't the scrawny runt of a boy he used to be anymore, and he'd gained much knowledge from the other older vikings in Berkâ€_not to mention he had his mother and Gobber and Astrid and Toothless to help him out. But he laid in bed at night sometimes, wide-awake and worrying that he would fail. That he'd let his village down, his mom, Toothless. His dad.

Valka seemed to understand the unsettling thoughts she'd released by bringing up Stoick, for she plowed ahead in her speech. "Well...while it might be your first, I'm sure you'll be just as great-" Oh gods, the slip of the tongue. She'd been about to say 'you'll be as great as your father' and that wouldn't exactly be helping things, now would it? "You know wot? Stay. Put. There." Then she rushed off into her room.

Hiccup glanced at Toothless, whose expression betrayed his confusion as well. Both of them switched their gazes onto Cloudjumper. The dragon just shrugged.

It wasn't much later that Valka returned, panting a bit. In her hands was a large, furry...well, Hiccup didn't really know _what_ it was. Just a furry lump.

"What's that?" he questioned his mother, making his way around the table to get a closer look. Toothless and Cloudjumper followed in his wake.

His mother grunted under the weight of the furry lump. "_This-_" With a flick of her wrist, the lump unfurled into its full length. Valka held it out to the side so that the bottom only just brushed the wooden floor. "-is for you."

It was a dark fur, but none that he'd ever seen before. As Hiccup got a closer look at it, the fur looked more like the scales of a dragon. One dragon to be specific; Toothless leaned in to sniff it, and the pattern of his scales matched perfectly with that of the fur. Hiccup reached out a hand to stroke itâ€_the fur was soft beneath his

fingers, but smooth in some places and bumpy in others. Just like it felt to stroke his dragon's head.

And when he turned his head and let the light from the fire catch the fur in just the right spot, an insignia shimmered into existence in the middle of the cape. The same one that showed on Hiccup's shoulder armor and Toothless' prosthetic tail. There were no words to describe how awestruck the dragon rider was.

"It's your chief's cape, Hiccup."

Hiccup came up short. "M-My...my cape?"

Valka nodded, smiling softly. "Normally, the previous chief is the one to hand off the cape to his successor," she explained. "Sometimes it'll be the same one or it might have a diff'rent type of wool...but in other cases a completely new cape is made if the new chief is very, very special." One hand dropped the corner of the cape to reach out and stroke her son's hair from his face, trailing it down his cheek. "And you, Hiccup, are the most special chief Burke has ever had—the heart of a viking and the spirit of a true dragon."

The words touched him so much he couldn't speak without his voice breaking. "Mom, I—" Hiccup took Valka's hand and nuzzled his cheek into it. Closing his eyes and savoring the feeling of a mother's touch. "Thank you. This...this means so much."

"I know, dear," she whispered. Her arms drew Hiccup into a tight hug, which he returned.

Toothless nudged his nose against their sides after a while, wanting to join in on the love. Hiccup and Valka laughed, and the former stooped down to rub his dragon's snout. "Looks like we're going to be twins, eh, bud?"

The dragon's purr was loud and he wiggled in enthusiasm. He licked at Hiccup's face, who complained for the umpteenth time how Toothless knew that didn't come out. Valka chuckled at the two; and while their attention was turned away from her, she wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes.

* * *

><p>The feast was already in full swing by the time Hiccup and Toothless arrived. Valka had left earlier to help mind the dragons with their own feeding so they wouldn't steal too much of the village's food.<p>

Hiccup hesitated in the shadows, nervously running his hand through his hair and tugging at those tin braids Astrid always liked to put behind his ear. The new cape rested on his shoulders, fastening into his armor seamlessly. He suspected Gobber has thing or two to deal with that.

The cape was heavy at first, but when he became accustomed to its weight, it hardly felt like he was wearing the thing. Only the fabric brushing against the back of his legs and torso reminded him.

Toothless watched his dragon rider with some slight impatience. He'd been standing there for the better part of ten minutes, muttering to himself to build up his confidence. Toothless rolled his eyes and gave a low rumble. Honestly, his human was hopeless. While Hiccup was too distracted, Toothless came up behind him and nudged his nose into his rider's back—none too gently, either. The force propelled Hiccup unceremoniously right in front of the bonfire, drawing everyone's attention.

"Oh, there 'e is!"

"Hiccup, m'boy. Nice a you t' drop in!"

A large booming laughter rang throughout the villagers as Hiccup stood up. "Ha ha. Yeah, good times. Good times." He shot a glare behind him at Toothless who just blinked innocently. _No cod for you tonight, buddy._

Hiccup brushed himself off as he stood. A sudden kiss to his cheek and a hand wrapping around his arm alerted him to a certain presence. "Hey, Astrid," he greeted his girlfriend. A smile stretched across his face—he couldn't help himself. She had that effect on him.

"Hey, yourself." The blonde viking grinned. "What was with that entrance back there? Not exactly intimidating for a viking chief, don't you think?"

"Ah, yes, _thank you_ for your encouraging words," he replied sarcastically. "If you want to know, I had a little help from Toothless. But if you ask him, I'm sure he'll deny being associated with me."

"Be lucky _I'm_ still associating with you."

"_Ha ha._" Hiccup took her hand in his and led the way to the chief's chair that sat on a slightly raised podium, out of the way of the smoke from the bonfire. Valka was already sitting in a smaller, but still beautifully decorated chair. He hesitated only momentarily before stepping onto the platform; Astrid noticed and gave his hand a squeeze.

"Good luck," she whispered before letting go to rejoin her family.

Hiccup watched her disappear into the crowd before breathing deeply and turning to face the village. Toothless appeared on his other side and gave a loud bellow; dragons and vikings alike went silent and turned their attention towards Hiccup, whose heart seemed to be lodged into his throat.

Swallowing thickly, he stepped up to the edge of the platform, forcing a smile onto his lips. "So, uh, hi...there." Okay, so far, so already awkward. Hiccup cleared his throat. "Um, so...thank you all for, uh, coming...out. Here." Somewhere behind him he could sense Toothless shrink back to avoid catching any of the embarrassment that ran off of Hiccup.

Many eyes stared back at him: some sympathetic, others amused, yet others grinning drunkenly already. The dragons gave him an expectant

look. In the corner, Hiccup could see Astrid and the his friends. Snotlout and the twins were giving him sarcastic thumbs-up, whereas Astrid and Fishlegs looked sincere. Astrid mouthed, "You got this, babe."

Hiccup didn't feel like he had this, though. He could speak his mind any day to the dragons or to the mass of villagers, but there was something about giving a speech at this bonfire, this feast that his father would always look forward to. Stoick's speeches were always memorable. That was when his leadership skills truly shone in a way like no one else. And as Hiccup stood in the spot where Stoick the Vast once stood...he didn't feel particularly _vast_ himself.

A scaly nose nudged Hiccup's hand from behind. He glanced down at Toothless, who was giving him an earnest and encouraging look. His large eyes moved from Hiccup to the cape that hung behind on his shoulders as if to say: "Hey, _you're_ the chief now. This is _your_ village, _your_ speech. Not his."

And once that thought struck a bull's-eye in Hiccup's mind, the lump in his throat seemed to disappear; his smile was no longer forced. He was still plenty green about the whole thing, but suddenly, the heavy weight was just a bit lighter. Like the cape—heavy at first, but easier to bear once he got used to it. That's the way it seemed for being the chief itself, not just wearing the cape.

Squaring his shoulders, Hiccup turned back to the village. "So, I'm not going to stand up here and try to force a great speech out— you guys just saw that entrance." A bit of laughter from the crowd. "I know I'm not my dad. He was better at the whole speech thing than I am; heck, he was better at me than a lot of things. But..." he paused, looking down. "I'm not standing before you because I'm trying to become the great viking my father was. No one can do that. I stand here as _Hiccup_—the viking who only gives good speeches when in a life-or-death battle against an alpha dragon that could freeze me with a sneeze."

More laughter; even some of the dragons made their own little snickers that they do. "But even though I'm not my father, there _is_ one thing he did pass down to me before he...before he died. That I am a _viking_; I am a _dragon rider_; and I'm here as your chief _now_. And as your chief, I will protect all vikings and dragons on Berk until my last breath. Just like him. For the vikings!"

The crowd cheered. "For the vikings!"

"For the dragons!" Hiccup shouted, raising his fist into the air.

"The dragons!"

"For all of Berk!"

"For Berk!"

Hiccup grinned, feeling his heart thumping in his chest. At the top of his lungs, he shouted, "Let the Feast begin!" Next to him, Toothless let loose a terrific roar, soon joined by the other dragons and vikings alike. They cheered and stamped and banged their armor.

"Long live the chief! Long live the chief! Long live the chief!"

It an emotion was almost as euphoric as riding on Toothless; Hiccup felt almost drunk on giddiness. This must be what it felt like for Stoic, he decided, looking around at his vikings and his dragons. His own. The feeling of his heart pounding and the cheers of his people ringing in the night—granted, this time there were dragons involved in the mix. But Hiccup was sure this was what Stoick had felt as chief.

And now it was Hiccup's turn.

The attention turned back to the feast at hand and away from Hiccup, who collapsed in his chair. Valka turned to him with a proud smile and twinkling in her eyes. "Oh, Hiccup, that was fantastic," she praised him. Her hand covered his gently. "I'm proud of you, dear. And I'm sure your father would be as well."

Hiccup smiled at his mom. "Yeah." Looking back towards the villagers, his smile grew. "Me, too."

* * *

><p>The feast was as boisterous and rowdy and entertaining as every year, perhaps even more so after Hiccup's speech. Everyone was joking and laughing and dancing; there were several races and games that were always played, both with and without dragons.<p>

Speaking of those guys—many had come to bow to Toothless (which went to his head—again) and surrounded him like adoring fans. The babies, especially, seemed to think it was a good idea to climb all over the Night Fury, chomping on his tail, among other things. Toothless didn't really enjoy that, and more than once he had to forcibly shake them off. Which encouraged them to come back and play that game again.

Hiccup mostly stayed in his chair, eating and speaking with his mother and the odd viking that popped up. For the first time, he felt right at home up on the platform, the cape on his shoulders, drinking in the proud smiles of his people.

The only bad thing was that so many other vikings swarmed Hiccup, he didn't get to see much of the one viking he wanted to speak with: Astrid.

He caught glimpses of her glancing at him almost wistfully while she kept the peace between their friends. It got harder and harder to concentrate on the conversations with the vikings in front of him. And Valka quickly tuned into her son's romantic frustrations like only a mother could.

She nudged Gobber and quickly whispered her idea into his ear. As he chewed on his leg of mutton, a gleeful grin stole across his features. "Don' you worry, ol' Gobber'll get things set'led in no time!" Tossing away his food to his dragon, he pegged his way towards the villagers making the music.

Hiccup looked up when he sensed Valka getting out of her chair. The

next thing that caught his attention was the change in music; what was once an upbeat little ditty had morphed into a softer, yet still lively tune. A very familiar one.

As he watched, Valka turned to Gobber and held out her forearm; He mirrored her. They went around in a circle twice as the music began to pick up. The other vikings joined in after a moment, and soon the men and the women had paired off. As the song went on, the image before him suddenly morphed into a different one...a memory now. Back on the dragon's paradise, with no music that he could hear, but the singing...

_ "I'll swim and sail on savaged seas
>_with ne'er a fear of drowning;
>_and gladly ride the waves of life,
>_if you will marry me-e." _

And just as he realized it, suddenly Hiccup was pulled up from his chair by a smiling Valkaâ€"but with a sadness in her eyes he knew was there. Because this was _their_ song. Hiccup looked at his mom for a moment before she swung him around, reverting back to her easy grin. Although he wasn't particularly good at dancingâ€"even worse _after_ he lost his legâ€"Hiccup decided to humor her.

But after a while, Hiccup found himself actually enjoying the dance; unlike before, when Gobber had forced him into a jig.

Valka seemed to remember that, as she laughed every time she and Hiccup went around each other. He pouted at her, but the time had come to change partners, and she was gone. In her place stood-

"Astrid!"

"Hiccup!"

_ "No scorching sun nor freezing cold
>_will stop me on my journey;
>_If you will promise me your heart-" _

Taking her hands in his, he spun her so that they both face the same way. "I finally got to have some time with you," she told him, having to shout to be heard over the others singing and cheering. "You've been taken all nightâ€"which is ironic, since _I'm_ your girlfriend." Though she sounded upset, Hiccup could hear the grin in her voice.

"Yeah, well, you know me. Handsome chief stud of Berk," he retorted, smiling widely. He twirled her around until they were facing each other. The fire reflected off of her features in a way that made her far prettier than was healthy for him. His heart beat in overtime, and not because of the dancing. "I can't help it. These kinds of good looks are just born with."

Astrid rolled her eyes and hit him on the armâ€"not lightly, either. "You sound like Snotlout; don't make me barf."

They laughed. Astrid's voice picked up the tune of the song as they danced: "_And love me for eternity_." And it might've been because she wasn't looking straight at him, but it felt like she was speaking

just about them right then, right in that moment.

"_My dearest one, my darling dear,
>_your mighty words astound me.
>_But I've no need for mighty deeds
>_when I feel your arms around me!_"

Hiccup's arm snaked around her waist, and Astrid put one around his and they went round several times. He felt the words rise to his lips before he could even think about it.

"_But I would bring you rings of gold.
>_I'd even sing you poetry,
>_and I would keep you from all harm
>_if you would stay _beside me!_"_

The music picked up in tempo and so did their feet. Their hands came together and apart; they twisted around each other. Astrid flowed gracefully in time with the song, her voice ringing with the others' in the night.

_"I have no use for rings of gold.
>_I care not for your poetry.
>_I only want your hand to hold."_

"_I only want you near me_, " Hiccup added, gripping her hands tighter.

Not far off, once again dancing with Gobber, Valka smiled tenderly at the young lovers, matching each other's steps and off in their own world in their arms. It was painful to dance to _this_ song, yes, because it was _their_ song. Stoic had always captured Valka's hand in this dance, even before he'd become the chief. One song; one tune could bring so many memories pouring back into her heart.

Gobber looked to his friend understandingly. As he twisted her around, he murmured, "He'll make his father proud, jus' you wai'. Tha' boy'll bring Berk to its greatest potential yet. E'everyone's already accepted himâ€"an' why wouldn't they? Jus' like Stoick. Jus' like you."

"I know." Valka brushed away a tear that managed to make its way down her cheek. "But you're wrongâ€"Stoick was already proud o' him. Now it's up to my boy to surpass himself, not his father."

A chuckle escaped Gobber's lips. He eyed Astrid and Hiccup laughing and dancing; in his minds eyes, they were replaced with another couple. A big burly brute that was his best friend and a smaller, but no less stubborn lady that was like his sister. It lasted for a split-second before turning back into Hiccup and Astrid.

"Aye."

Hiccup never truly danced even before he lost his leg. Astrid was always much more graceful in the moves she created, whether in the air or on the ground; fighting for her life or standing right in front of him and twirling. That drunken giddiness fell over him againâ€"the smile he wore was so wide it felt like his cheeks would rip in half, but not once did it ever drop. His heart was pounding

and his throat was choked up and his breathing came in pants and it was probably going to be the most entertaining moment in his life. Being there with Astrid; seeing his mom laugh and sing and joke; Toothless watching him with a silly grin on his face, bouncing in time with the music. It was the first time since his father's death that a sense of completeness filled him.

Of _home_.

So that night, as he and Astrid and the other vikings and dragons of Berk danced next to the fire; as they sang up to the home of Odin and Thor and the gods in Valhalla; as they spun and clapped and laughed and jumped; as their feet stamped and music played well into the night air; as the tempo went so fast Hiccup thought he'd fall over; he just let himself live in that moment. He didn't worry about living up to his father's name or feel the burden of his death grip his heart as tightly as it could.

He felt free. He felt love. He felt at peace.

Astrid's eyes caught the reflection of the fire and sparkled in glee.

Toothless and Stormfly cut in between Gobber and Valka (knocking the former over) and started jumping around her in their own "dance."

The sparks from the fire flew up into the sky, as bright as the stars far above their heads.

And Hiccup felt like things would turn out just fine.

_"To love and kiss and sweetly hold,
>_for the dancing and the dreaming;
>_through all life's sorrow and delights,
>_I'll keep your love inside me!_"

_ I'll swim and sail a savage seas
>_with ne'er a fear of drowning;
>_I'd gladly ride the waves of life,
>_if you will marry me!_"

* * *

><p>*cries into my toothless plushie* SOMEONE TELL ME THIS
MAD E YOU HAPPY AND SAD ALL OVER AGAIN AND I MIGHT FEEL BETTER ABOUT
THIS CRAPPY THING

*deep breaths* Okay. Sorry. But seriously guys, that movie just ruined my need to watch any and all other animation for a while because it hurt so badly. i can't wait for the third one to come out omg (;w;)

Reviews and constructive criticism are always welcome!

Edit Note: Okay, if you guys spot anymore errors I missed, please let me know! And thanks for your reviews so far! Like 30+ in the first two days of this fic being up? And over a 1k views I swear I'm going to faint! Thank you so so so so much!****

End
file.